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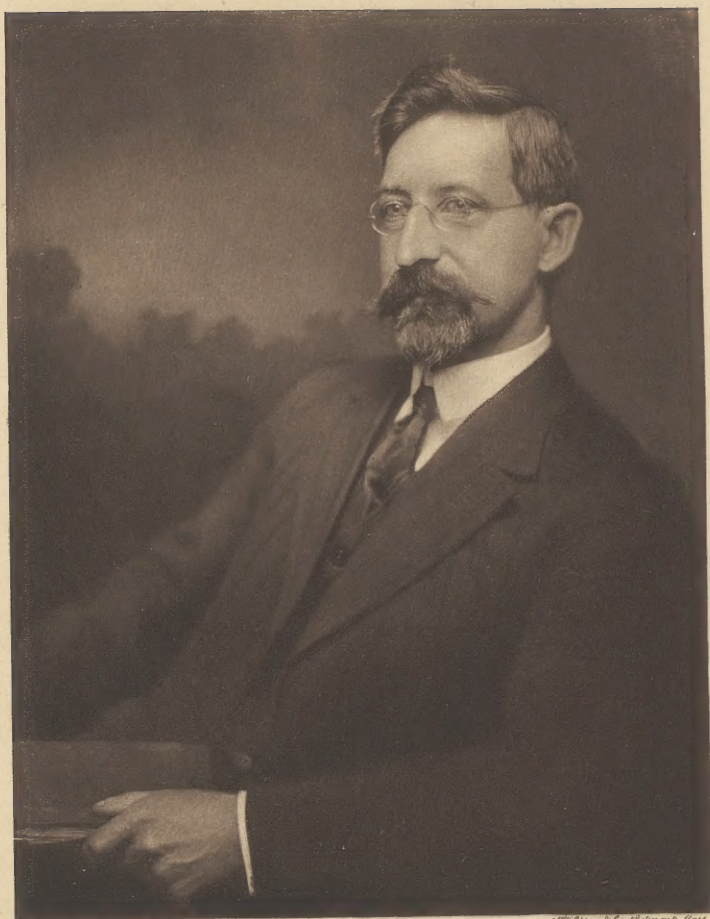
No. 2

John Wallace Baird
May 21, 1869 February 2, 1919

In Memoriam

Clark University Library
WORCESTER, MASS.





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John Wallace Baird
1869-1919

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May 21, 1869.

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ON the 2nd of February, 1919, Clark University met an irreparable loss in the death of John Wallace Baird, Professor of Experimental Psychology. As a humble tribute to his memory, University and College exercises were suspended and a meeting was held at 11 o'clock Wednesday, February 5th, at which Presidents Hall and Sanford and a few friends and members of the University Faculty made brief addresses. To these have been added tributes by some of his former students and friends in other universities. These have been collected and are published here. Inadequate as they are for any suitable tribute to Dr. Baird's good fellowship and great ability, they nevertheless are a sincere expression of the general appreciation of his friends and colleagues.

President G. Stanley Hall, Clark University.—Of all the sad things in this world I know nothing more pathetic in history, and even in epic poetry or tragedy, or more suggestive of the world's great masterpiece of pathos two thousand years ago, than to see a good and able man cut off by an excruciating malady due solely, as we believe, to his devotion to duty just at a time and an age, too, when the rare work he had already done gave every promise of yet far greater achievement ahead. Had he lived out his full tale of years and fulfilled the promise of his youth he would have done great things. He had planned and begun so much in the science to which he was devoted! But now "the unfinished window of Aladdin's tower unfinished must remain."

Both his native gifts and his training were so rare that we can never hope to find a successor who can ever exactly

fill his place here, either in the institution or in the company of all his colleagues who seek to probe the mysteries of the wonderful city of Mansoul.

Very few men I have ever known illustrate what seems to me the one chief, outstanding trait of his character, of which alone I shall speak, viz.: his self-effacement and self-sacrifice in the service of others. This should and will be his most precious asset to us who knew him and perhaps the chief power of his inspiring example. His very illness, with its frequent and long-continued periods of intense pain and its fatal issue, was caused years ago by an heroic act in saving others from a watery grave.

He also spent many months of absorbing labor, oblivious of Emerson's precept that we all ought to focus our efforts upon our own best thing and that success in life depends upon avoiding everything else, in editing a memorial volume to a colleague and friend, as hardly anyone else could or would have done. This was not his "best thing," but it was typical of his loyalty to a friend.

Again, he gave himself without reserve to planning researches for his students; selecting topics; doing much of his own best work with them; devising and perfecting apparatus and methods for investigation, being always himself the subject for every experiment that went on in his laboratory; compiling protocol data, and sometimes almost rewriting theses, and never content until they were in print in the most finished form he could command. His own best and original themes and thoughts he freely gave to his pupils and asked no credit, so that they in a peculiar sense are his "epistles known and read of all" men. He lived by day in his laboratory and its office, always accessible for individual conferences, and his evenings, especially after he had a home of his own, were often spent in charming hospitality and converse with students and colleagues of which

both he and Mrs. Baird were so fond, and which made so many of us so indebted to their genial entertainments.

His one year of war service, too, was undertaken very deliberately and at great self-sacrifice, both financial and scientific. To this he was impelled by an irresistible sense of patriotic duty, and it is the unanimous testimony of his Washington colleagues, often repeated to me, that he gave himself to the duties of his position so incessantly as to impair still further his already overtaxed constitution. Despite the protest of his friends he worked in Washington seven long days a week and often evenings, and thus, with the characteristic quality of Canadians, he felt he was doing his bit to win the war.

Once more, instead of courting he almost seemed to shun publicity. He had a phobia, not a mania like some, for the limelight. Many present will remember the notable address he gave a few years ago at Founder's Day, but no one knew that I had to labor with him when his turn came, because such was his excessive modesty that he felt he should be passed by. Worcester knew him perhaps less than it did any of his colleagues, but no one here ever did more for his students or identified himself more with their every interest. He rendered them each and all, while here, in finding positions for them, and even in the most intimate personal if not parental way, unremitting service. None of us would be more mourned by all our students, past and present, than he, and if all that they will say to each other of him, as they learn the sad news of his death, could be put together and worthily edited it would be a more adequate memorial than anything that we can provide.

He never for a moment lost his buoyancy. In his capacious "old kitbag" he packed away more troubles than even those closest to him probably ever knew. He felt that personal pains should be borne alone and not imposed

upon others, and such was his horror of patheticism that he never entirely lost his cheerfulness, even in his most distressing hours. Again, he always had a unique poise, and few ever saw him carried away by his emotions, strong as they were. Straightforward and positive as he was, I never heard that he made an enemy but always and everywhere friends of all who knew him and, as we have all realized these last few days, even of those who met him only very occasionally.

Lastly, as perhaps the culmination of his unselfishness, was his genius for teamwork. He would submerge and indeed almost tended to forget himself in service, whether to the institution, whose interests he always placed above his own, or to persons. It is this self-abnegation for the sake of knowledge and service that made him a true knight of the Holy Ghost and made his death illustrate so many of the noble lines in Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior." I think, therefore, that we shall always cherish his memory above all things else as an ideal soldier who gave himself without reserve to the cause of truth and helpfulness. Thus in fine the lesson of his life suggests to me the stirring lines of a Western poet with verbal variations:

"A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood."
And our friend, who, humble and faithful,
"The straight, hard pathway trod.
Some call it self-effacement,
And others call it God."

President Edmund C. Sanford, Clark College.—Nine years ago, when it became necessary to fill the chair of Experimental Psychology in the University, Dr. Hall did

me the honor of asking me to assist him in finding a man for the place. We looked the country over carefully, took advice, and chose Dr. Baird as the very best man to be had. In personal qualities, in scientific standards, in skill and inspiration as a teacher, in scientific productivity, we have never had occasion to revise our estimate of him except in an upward direction. He has proved to be a better man even than we thought. As time has passed his qualities have received increasing recognition in psychological gatherings, in controversy (where he was known as a man not lightly to be challenged) and last year in election to the presidency of the American Psychological Association.

Scientific men are said to be of one or the other of two main types, a classical type, whose work is characterized by a high degree of perfection in execution, and a romantic type in whose work finish is secondary and new aperçus are sought even at the risk of superficiality and occasional blunders. Dr. Baird tended toward the classical type. His contributions are carefully wrought, finished in presentation, scientifically sound. Ground which he traversed will not have to be gone over by anybody else except as the progress of science itself puts the work of any man out of date.

He received his undergraduate training at the University of Toronto, from which so many solidly trained young men have come across the border. There also he began his graduate work in Psychology which a year later was continued at Leipzig and after that at Wisconsin. He ended it in the rigorous school of Dr. Titchener at Cornell. A more thorough grounding in experimental psychology could not be had. In the Clark environment, to which he came after teaching experience in several great Universities and which under Dr. Hall's leadership has always been catholic and stimulating in a high degree, Dr. Baird's interests de-

veloped in new directions. He began to bring the perfected skill and high standards of his earlier training to bear upon new problems, particularly those of applied psychology. The combination was rare and the promise great.

His list of published contributions is not a long one. His careful work precluded that in any case, but his death so early in the period of his productivity cut it still shorter—he might reasonably have looked forward to at least twenty years more of work—and his devotion to his students hid away much of it in papers carrying other names than his own. His earlier studies have to do with such matters as the Influence of Accommodation and Convergence on the Perception of Depth, The Color Sensitivity of the Peripheral Retina, The Contraction of the Color Zones in Hysteria and Neurasthenia, Problems of Color Blindness, The Recognition of Absolute Pitch. Some of his later studies had to do with the Relative Legibility of Different Faces of Printing Type, The Psychology of Spelling, and The Most Advantageous Width for the Columns in Telephone Directories. The work which called him to Washington and to which he gave the last full measure of his devotion was that of applying the training and insight of an expert psychologist to the mental and social rehabilitation of crippled soldiers. Not long after coming to Worcester he translated from the German Professor Meumann's pioneer work in the Psychology of Learning and had himself in contemplation a work upon the same subject. He was for years the managing editor of the *American Journal of Psychology* and was cooperating editor with Dr. Hall and Dr. Geissler on the *Journal of Applied Psychology* now at the end of its second volume. He was also a regular contributor of collected reviews upon the higher mental powers to the *Psychological Review*—a valuable service to science

and helpful to the man who makes them, but in the last degree laborious.

Such was Dr. Baird's contribution as a man of science—careful, solid work well done—work in which any man of science might take satisfaction. But pain and death set things in an altered perspective. Attainments fall away; character shines forth. It is Dr. Baird, the man, of whom I cannot help thinking at this hour, and of whom I would have you also think. He was of transplanted Scotch stock with the characteristic endurance and capacity for hard work that goes with such ancestry. And he had also the peculiar vein of interest in Scottish sports which marks the Scotch man; he was a golfer and member of a curling club. But his interest went still further; he was interested in American baseball, and his knowledge of the professional players and fine points of that game was a constant surprise to those who knew him chiefly as a man of science.

During the last four or five years of his life, he had need of all his Scotch grit. A painful disease, at first mistakenly diagnosed, secured a six months' hold upon him before appropriate treatment was begun. With so late a beginning, the treatment was of necessity agonizing in its severity. Dr. Baird not only bore his pain without a murmur, but completely triumphed over it—made of it, in fact, the subject of psychological analysis while he was racked by it. The treatment secured an apparent cure, followed later, however, by repeated threats of a return. Of the dread of such returns, which must have often been present in the background of his consciousness, he said nothing. In fact he was not in spirit an invalid, and accepted no exemptions. As the war dragged on and the fortunes of the Allies darkened he felt increasingly that he must have a share in the great conflict and with a view to contributing at the point at which he would count for most, took up psychological

work in the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. There, in the discomfort of a greatly congested southern city in midsummer, he worked with his accustomed abandon, going to Baltimore from time to time for treatment as overwork brought on his trouble in new form, and in the end going to the Hopkins Hospital for an operation from which in spite of a long and hopeful fight he never recovered.

To my mind his case is the precise parallel of that of the Red Cross and ambulance men who work close to the front line under fire in giving first aid to the wounded, except that they work under the excitement of battle and with all the inspiration of military training and organization while he worked with none of these aids. The Red Cross men and the stretcher bearers have their citations and medals—and no one would lessen the recognition their work receives—but for the civilian worker away from the battle-front there are no formal honors, no matter how exhausting his labor, how much his courage, or how much the pain he may have borne. It is Baird, the unassuming and tireless worker in the great cause, bringing his training in science to the relief of suffering, and taking meanwhile his own suffering with quiet Scotch endurance,—carrying on with good courage to the very end—it is that thought of our colleague that most impresses me and which I would leave with you.

Professor William H. Burnham, Clark University.—During the last year great events and great losses have come with bewildering rapidity. Clark University has made many contributions and many sacrifices to the great war. The greatest sacrifice the University has made is in giving Dr. Baird.

I knew him very intimately, living in the same family with him for three or four years, but of these intimate per-

sonal relations I cannot speak this morning. To those who knew him it is unnecessary; and for those who did not know him it would be impossible for me to tell in words what a steadfast friend and charming companion he was. But I should like to say a little about him as a teacher.

I have spent all my life in school as a student or as a teacher. I have known many teachers, and I have known many good teachers; but, as I recall now, I have never known more than half a dozen great teachers. Dr. Baird was one of these. All the virtues in the calendar are demanded of a teacher. I do not mean to say that Dr. Baird had them all; but he did have a good many of them.

First of all, a teacher should be able to make himself understood. Dr. Baird was wonderfully clear in his thinking and he could express his thoughts with wonderful clearness. I have seen him in extreme fatigue, I have seen him in mental depression, I have seen him suffering excruciating pain, but I do not recall that I ever saw him when he did not have this clearness of thought. I suppose all of us have our lucid intervals, but apparently his mind was clear all of the time.

If the first characteristic of a good teacher is the ability to make himself understood, the second qualification is self control. One cannot control and guide others unless he can control himself. He had marvelous self control. In this characteristic he was preëminent.

Again, the great teacher should have a sense of humor. It has been said that one of the worst faults, and a fault that a teacher inevitably has on account of his calling, is a lack of the sense of humor. Dr. Baird had a sense of humor; he was "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."

Again, the teacher should have the right attitude toward

his work and toward his pupils. Dr. Baird to a remarkable degree had this attitude. He had a contempt for any sham or false learning. Any one who was a fakir as a scholar was sternly reprimanded by him. On the other hand, he had the highest regard for good scholarship; and he had the ability, not only to make his students work hard; but one felt that a few words of appreciation from him, that he always gave so heartily for good work, were sufficient reward for any amount of hard labor.

If we take the other side of the picture and consider the faults that teachers usually have, I do not say that Dr. Baird was free from them all, but he was remarkably free from them. The good teacher is apt to be so devoted to teaching that he can do little else. He has done it so much that he acquires the didactic habit. One acute observer said that she could always tell a teacher in society; for the teacher always looked upon everybody as someone to be corrected or instructed. Dr. Baird never had that habit which so many teachers get when they feel so sure that they are right that they must always have their own way, and so expert in teaching that they are unable to learn, and so fond of teaching that they give their pupils little opportunity to learn. In fact, he stimulated the activity of his students in a remarkable degree, and he was a leader in that modern movement for reviving the good old Comenian doctrine which emphasizes learning more than teaching. And so I might go on with the whole calendar of faults and show by contrast the great virtues of Dr. Baird. I have not time for this.

I should like, however, to call attention to a letter that I received from Dr. Baird. I wrote him two or three times while he was in the hospital, telling him that my letter required no answer, and the last letter I received from him

was written just before he went to the hospital. It reads as follows:

“November 17th, 1918.

My dear Dr. Burnham:

I have owed you a letter these many months. And I have many times had it in mind to write you; but it seems impossible to find leisure. I am busy at the hospital all day long and in the evenings I have the office work of the National Research Council to look after. To make matters worse, if possible, Langfeld has been in Europe and I have been President-Secretary of the Psychological Association.

It has been a most enjoyable experience here in Washington and I have enjoyed every minute of it. But I am beginning to feel a bit worn by it all; and then too my old ailment has been aggravated by my strenuous life here. It now turns out that an operation is unavoidable and I am going to the Hopkins hospital this week for repairs. The operation will be simply an excision of a couple of tiny spots on the bladder wall where the infection has become definitely localized in the form of two ulcers. I expect to spend about four weeks in the hospital,—and believe me the prospect for four solid weeks of rest is alluring. I shall then head for Worcester,—nevermore to roam.

Miss Bowman is associated with me at the Walter Reed Hospital; and the burden will fall upon her shoulders when I leave,—although we have four sergeants and a corporal to do our bidding. She has done excellent work and has far exceeded my expectations. Ames is in the city with the rank of captain; he is connected with the aviation service. Chapman has been transferred to Rochester where he is at work on problems of vision. He is with the Eastman Kodak people whose factory has been taken over by the government. Long is in France, as also is Pratt. I am very proud of my laboratory! And of course we are all proud of Fernberger.

I shall certainly enjoy getting back to Clark,—where people have enough sense to knock off for the day when they have done a day's work. And I'll be glad to meet my Clark colleagues again. I know that you will be interested to hear about my work here. But there is so much to tell that it simply can't be done in a letter.

I am sure that you must be delighted by recent events in Europe. The collapse seems to be complete and to be much

more sudden than was generally expected. I sincerely hope that the whines that are now coming from various circles in Germany will arouse no sympathy in this country. I feel vindictive enough to tell Solf that there are tons of perfectly good wheat at the bottom of the Atlantic and that he is welcome to it all!

With warmest greetings and best wishes

I am

Very cordially yours

J. W. BAIRD."

This was written in his own clear handwriting, which friends envied and admired, while his muscles were still strong and his nerves unshaken. I prize it as one of my most precious documents.

It has been said that a university is a collection of good books. That is a misleading half truth. Rather the university is the men that make the books, and the teachers and scholars who are collected together. That is the old meaning of the word—*universitas magistrorum et scholarium*. Besides this the possessions of a university are its endowment, its buildings and grounds, its apparatus, its libraries, and also *its ideals, and the memory of its teachers and students*. Such are its spiritual possessions. In the sacred archives of Clark University one of these higher treasures will be the memory of our great teacher and friend, John Wallace Baird.

Librarian Louis N. Wilson.—Dr. Baird was a man who took life seriously. I do not mean that he went about with a long face or that he was in any sense a pessimist—far from it. He had a keen sense of humor; rejoiced in all manly sports; was a good story teller and enjoyed life to the full. But, as I said just now, he took life seriously, for he never allowed pleasure or ease to interfere with his work.

I like to think of him as a boy on his father's farm in St. Marys. He was one of twelve children, brought up in a Scotch Presbyterian family where duty ranked high and where the children were brought up to fear God and bear their share of the family burdens. He has often spoken to me in most affectionate terms of those early years at home and of how much they had influenced his whole work. He has also told me that he was by no means a brilliant student and had to work hard both in school and college. But he early learned to work hard and he knew that he could not reach the goal for which he was aiming unless he worked hard.

It is nine years, almost to a day, since he came to us and from our first meeting we became fast friends. He dropped into the Library nearly every day and, while he came to work, he rarely left without a pleasant word or a wave of the hand. A man of wide reading and a broad outlook; catholic in his sympathies, yet he had no patience with the second rate or the quack—he must have honest hard work or nothing.

In his business relations he made many warm friends. Only this morning I received a letter from a business man who only saw Dr. Baird twice, yet he writes me: "I always enjoyed my correspondence with Dr. Baird and shall always treasure the many kind words I received from him. I always felt that in him I had a friend."

Dr. Baird was intensely interested in the war and chafed a good deal because he could not go to the front. He did a lot of good work in aiding the enlistment of British subjects in Worcester and was not content until he got into war work himself. He went to Washington in April to work with the National Research Council, but was soon transferred to the Walter Reed Hospital where he devoted himself to work with the crippled soldiers from twelve to

fourteen hours a day for seven days a week until the latter part of November when he had to go to the Johns Hopkins Hospital to be operated upon himself.

I want to read a few lines from a letter he wrote me Aug. 25th.

"This hospital gets only the orthopaedic cases; and they are now coming in from overseas at the rate of about a hundred a week. They are practically all amputation cases. And such a magnificent lot of young men I have never met before. I only wish I could do more for the boys. They certainly show a fine spirit; and when one sees their crippled condition and thinks of what it means for a young man to lose a leg or an arm in the early twenties,—well it makes me feel that under the same conditions I'd be the most despondent and grouchy individual you ever saw.

I tell you, Wilson, if you ever begin to lose faith in human nature or in your fellow-men, come down here and I'll show you a bunch of maimed and crippled men that will make you realize as I realize every day that we are producing as fine specimens as any generation ever produced. The other morning I visited a ward where the men had come in last Sunday; they were all leg amputations (and incidentally most of them were wounded since July 1st,—which shows you something of the rapidity of their recovery. Could you or I be in America within five weeks after we had a leg amputated in France?) Well, one of the boys started up a rollicking song of the trenches and within a few minutes they all joined in; and I certainly enjoyed the impromptu concert. Then one of the patients who had that morning been fitted with an artificial leg took the floor and entertained us with a dance. This and countless other incidents of the same general sort will give you some idea of the cheerfulness and optimism and indomitable will of these lads. The Huns can never lick a bunch of soldiers of that sort.

One of the patients whom I talked with the other day is a young Russian, who has been a blacksmith in Utica, N. Y. He has lost his right arm; and I couldn't help thinking how I should look out on my future if the means by which I had been trained to earn my livelihood had been lost to me forever. But this young hero was as hope-

ful and as cheery as anybody could wish. Fortunately he has a bright mind and we shall be able to give him an opportunity to train himself to be a foreman—or anything else that he may choose within his possibilities. My particular part of the programme consists in finding out something about the past experience and training of these men and then in sizing up their abilities as well as I can with a view to advising them as to their future vocations. The government will of course provide the training necessary to fit them for their new vocations. It is a grave responsibility that they have put upon my shoulders.

Yesterday I ran across a young Virginian,—a typical Southerner with that soft drawl which is so delightful to hear. He was a straight-limbed, clear-eyed chap, one of the sort that is as honest as the day is long. He had never seen the inside of a school-room. He had taught himself to read a little bit but “the newspapers they got so many big words in ’em that I can’t do nothin’ with ’em.” He had been a lumberman ever since he was big enough to swing an axe; but now his right leg is gone. These are the difficult cases to know what to do with. Such men simply could not tolerate an in-door life; and how can they get about comfortably out-doors with a leg missing? I’d like to make an expert lumberman out of this chap, but he simply must learn enough writing and arithmetic to keep accounts and make reports.

Fortunately we have a magnificent group of teachers,—all enlisted men and all as heroic as the disabled soldiers themselves. For instance the assistant superintendent of schools of Cambridge, Mass., enlisted for this work and is in charge of our academic subjects,—at something like \$30 a month. Can you beat it? And there are hosts of others who have made similar sacrifices. As I mentioned before this war is going to show us that our population contains a goodly proportion of the very finest type of manhood,—and womanhood too for that matter. By the way Miss Bowman has been with us here since July 1st. and is doing magnificent work.

I have just heard of the death of a nephew on the Western Front. Killed in action last Tuesday. He had been there more than three years: and until last Tuesday escaped without a scratch. He was a fine lad, the only son of my oldest brother. The lad had graduated from college and from law school; and had been in practice only about a year when he

enlisted. Another nephew sailed from Canada only a couple of weeks ago; and his mother dropped dead the other day from heart disease.

The weather has been very trying. The thermometer registered 114 for several days, and it is a humid, muggy heat that is very enervating. Our buildings are temporary one-story frame buildings, so we get the full benefit of the heat. I sometimes fear my health is not going to hold out, which I should regret because I want to see this job through. At present I am doing the work of the 16th St. office in the evenings, which makes a heavy schedule."

So I want to leave in the minds of you young men a picture of a scholarly man; a hard worker; a human man with the voice of a giant and the heart of a child; a religious man, one "who never refused any work that came to his hand and never asked for favors; a man who always succeeded in the tasks he undertook; a man with a sane, clean, manly, and hopeful outlook on life."

The University has lost one of its best professors and I have lost one of my best friends.

Professor Arthur G. Webster, Clark University.—I have asked to speak this morning largely out of gratitude for what Professor Baird did for me last summer. I found out quite by accident that supposing that I was overworking and was likely to break down under the strain which I was then experiencing Baird had taken it upon himself to write to an intimate friend of mine, a physician in Springfield, asking him if he could not do something to prevent a breakdown. This turned out fortunately to be not necessary. It is merely an example of the sort of thing that Professor Baird was continually doing. I never knew of his illness until a few days before his death when I had the good fortune to be able to send a friend at Johns Hopkins and his motherly and charming wife to see whether they could offer any human sympathy to Mrs. Baird in what I sup-

posed was her isolation. I never heard Baird say anything about his illnesses, and as I live at the other end of town I was frequently uninformed of what he was doing for months at a time. When I was in Washington I was too busy ever to see him and so was he to see me.

Professor Baird was associated with me in a matter of the highest importance to this university several years ago, a matter totally unknown to the public; and of those who participated only one other than myself now remains. At that time I formed the highest opinion of his sincerity and highmindedness.

John Wallace Baird was the highest type of scientific man. An unremitting worker himself, making the achievement of scientific research his chief interest in life, he still possessed the warmest sympathy and the kindest of hearts. This did not prevent him from insisting upon the highest scientific standards. He never was a party to admitting a person to the university who in his opinion was not properly qualified. To those of his students who showed ability in research he was of tremendous inspiration and they looked up to him as a great teacher. Before his marriage he frequently took his lunch in the laboratory surrounded and ministered to by several of his advanced students. I had been privileged to be during my bachelor months an occasional participant of these feasts of reason and flows of soul. I believe I was the first member of Clark University, except the President, to see Professor Baird. Some nine years ago I went to the University of Illinois to give the lecture at the opening of the physical laboratory. While I was there, I received a visit from a young man who told me that he had received a call from the Department of Psychology and who asked my advice. I told him about Clark University, that I thought that it was a first-class institution and that I was proud to have been connected

with it for twenty years. I told him of the high ideals of its great President, and that academic freedom was there at a maximum. Baird accepted the call and the next time I saw him was as a colleague. It is perhaps on this account as well as on the others that I have always had a particular interest in him. When he at last concluded to change his bachelor estate and brought home a charming young wife we were all doubly interested in him and his happiness seemed to be complete. To her this day our hearts go out. Her loss is ours. Clark University and American science can ill afford to lose such a man.

Professor Charles B. Randolph, Clark College.—Among the many splendid qualities in Dr. Baird which called forth our admiration and affection there are a few which might well be singled out for special mention on an occasion such as this.

I recall it as particularly characteristic of him that he never tired of praising any one who did a piece of work to his satisfaction. As you know, Dr. Baird built a house a few years ago. The work of his general contractor and that of his steamfitter on this house pleased him exceedingly. Now he did not, as I fear most of us would have done, accept the job with a thank-you as satisfactory; but he told others of his satisfaction again and again. When we had trouble at my house not long after with our heating-plant, and later, when we were planning a new house, he spoke to me repeatedly about these men. Nothing would do but that we must have their estimates, and I doubt whether any one in these Faculties could have built a house during the past two or three years without being persuaded to let Dr. Baird's contractors figure on his work. "More taffy now and less epitaphy hereafter," some one has said. Baird was the last man in the world to give one hollow praise, but

the man he thought deserved commendation never failed of his share where he was concerned.

Another characteristic quality of Dr. Baird was his determination not to be dominated by circumstances. This is admirably illustrated by his refusal some years ago to accept the diagnosis of his physicians when he had suffered for some time from an obscure malady, not very severe, but one which pulled him down and rendered him incapable of his best work. He retired to the Hopkins Hospital, and finally, as he told me the story, the doctors held a consultation and decided that he had pulmonary tuberculosis. When they came into his room and announced their verdict, all other feelings in his mind were swallowed up in a vast wave of indignation. "Thunderation," he said,—I cannot give you his exact words,—"Give me my clothes!" With that vigorous demand he got up from bed and went about his work; and he assured me that from that day he was never hampered by the slightest suspicion of tuberculosis!

A third quality of his which deserves special mention was his sympathetic interest in all that interested his friends. You all know the sort of man who listens with polite, if sometimes wandering, attention to your enthusiastic account of your latest hobby, but who, when you pause for breath in your recital, adroitly shifts the topic to something nearer his own interest. Baird was not one of those men. An unceasing worker himself, a man who seemed never to have a moment unoccupied, he responded with instant sympathy to any account of a matter that interested a friend; he was never too burdened with his own concerns to stop and discuss your problem with you; and even if the discussion was prolonged, he never seemed anxious to get away. It was this ability—and it was a natural trait in the man, not a cultivated habit—to put himself in the other man's place, to see as he saw and feel as he felt, that made Baird so

generally popular. It was second nature to him to get the other man's point of view—he was literally all things to all men.

“He was so human! Whether strong or weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
But sate an equal guest at every board:
No beggar ever felt him condescend,
Nor prince presume; for still himself he bare
At manhood's simple level, and where'er
He met a stranger, there he left a friend.”

Dean Thomas C. Carrigan, Law School, Catholic University of America.—Some day three facts may be said of every member of the human family—he was born; he lived; he died. The interval between the cradle and the grave contains the record of his earthly career. That record may be divided into many chapters—each chapter will show the same person under different aspects. And the abiding force behind the changes on the surface is the personality of the man.

Others have given us, others will give us, appreciations of our colleague as a scholar, experimentalist, teacher and writer. Let me offer to his memory a simple, sincere tribute of respect, of the respect which was born on the day I first began to know John Baird—*the man*.

It was at Clark University I first met him and was drawn to him. Who did not feel his charm? Who ever looked into those kind eyes of his; saw that honest genial face; felt that hearty handclasp; heard that cheery greeting and did *not* warm to the man?

Before I left Clark University, we had become the best of friends. In the years that followed, the tie strengthened, and last April it was a delight for me to learn that he was coming to Washington. His temporary residence was near

mine; we were both doing War Work; we frequently walked back and forth to our respective offices during the sultry days of last summer. It was my privilege to know him better than most outside his immediate family circle; and I stood by his death-bed.

Mr. President, any education which makes a man less of a joy to live with, is a curse to the individual and society, and conversely an education which erects the superstructure on consideration for the feelings of others is a blessing. Dr. Baird's education was not only of the head — it was also of the heart.

I have seen him in many gatherings. He was always at home and made those around him feel at home. The Professors of the Catholic University of America accorded him not merely the academic welcome which courtesy demanded, but also they recognized him as "one of nature's noblemen."

With all his scholarship he was modest; he was never contentious. In him learning did not beget intolerance; he could differ with you and love you all the while.

He knew no jealousy. I never heard him express a mean or petty thought. He saw the good in others, and managed to focus his mind on that. He never lost his boyishness.

Generously, whole-heartedly he gave himself to his students, to Clark University, to our Country. He entered the service of the government at a great personal loss. He gave up his new home, his own and his wife's comfort to live in congested quarters. He devoted himself unreservedly to the Council of Psychological Research and to our wounded soldiers at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. He was ailing himself, but he bravely persisted, for he was a patriot. His life, in my opinion, was considerably shortened by his sacrifice.

His home was in Worcester; he lived in Washington;

he died in Baltimore. In the journey from Washington to Worcester, as you know, on the Pennsylvania Railroad there is a tunnel. The passage through that tunnel is not always a pleasant experience. Dr. Baird had many good friends in Washington. He was preparing to leave them to return to you, his older friends in Worcester.

Mr. President, after all, to some of us death seems to be a journey that in a way may be compared to the trip from Washington to Worcester. We have friends here, but the older we grow, the more friends we have in the Great Beyond. To get to them we, too, must pass beyond the grave. And in doing so, we know the friends we leave behind shall sooner or later follow us.

To those of us who have faith that the grave is not the end-all of life—Dr. Baird has but gone on a journey.

His work here is done and nobly done. Ours yet remains to be finished. Fortunate, indeed, shall we be, if, when our turn comes, we can leave such a legacy of happy recollections to our friends. The consoling thought is—we shall meet him again. Till then—Peace be to the memory of Dr. Baird.

Biographical Sketch

JOHN WALLACE BAIRD was born on the 21st of May, 1869, at Motherwell, in Western Ontario, in the Dominion of Canada. His birthplace was a farm which his father had redeemed from the primeval forest, and the community was marked by that strenuousness in labor and that simplicity in living which are characteristic of a pioneer neighborhood. Both parents, though born in Canada, were of Scottish descent. Charles Baird, the father, was a hard-working and successful farmer—a man of the highest character, and one who, although he had not much education himself, was determined that every child of his who showed any taste for college training should enjoy the best that was to be had. He was a deeply religious man; for more than forty years an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and for half that time superintendent of the little church school that met on Sunday afternoon. John's mother was Agnes Browning—a mother who possessed infinite patience and wisdom in the management of her children, and moreover, one who was beyond compare as a singer of old-fashioned ballads and as a narrator of family and neighborhood traditions.

The family was large; there were twelve children, all of whom survived to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of their father and mother. John came about half way down the list, and it was a favorite theory with him in after life that a most valuable part of his upbringing was due to having so many brothers and sisters, and especially that his capacity for getting on with other people was attributable to the pains, sometimes friendly and solicitous, and sometimes drastic, with which his naturally sharp corners had been smoothed down at home.

The little red schoolhouse in this instance was a centre

of good training, and John came under the care of men (he never had a woman teacher) who themselves had competent education and who knew how to teach. In due course he passed from the public school in the country to the High School in the neighboring town of St. Marys, six miles distant from his home. There he was a bright and lively, if not a tractable, pupil. His most intimate companion during this period was William Tier, now a member of the staff of the University of Manitoba. The two boys went home every Friday evening after school hours. On one occasion a neighboring farmer offered them a ride. He was one of the few men in the community to whom a visit to town meant a wooing of John Barleycorn, and on this occasion he had reached the garrulous stage. "I don't know," he said, "if this higher education is doing you boys any good. I have my doubts about the whole business; you might make good farmers, but I'm not sure that you'll be good for anything else." Then, after a pause—"Let's test it here and now. We'll have a debate and see what you can do in the way of discussing something. I'll choose the subject and I'll be judge. The subject will be 'The Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic!' Will, you do battle for Prohibition; John, you take the other side." The boys fell to with good will, put forward their best arguments and smashed each other's defenses. The teamster was not exactly an impartial judge, and finally he stopped the wagon and called out—"Get down, you young prohibitionist, I cannot allow anybody who holds such abominable opinions to ride in my wagon; I won't have anything more to do with you." It was young Baird's turn to intervene. "Of course, sir," he said, "Tier is wrong, wholly wrong, you and I can clearly see how wrong he is. But remember, sir, these are the errors of ignorance; we ought not to put him beyond the reach

of better influences, but rather, by letting him see our reasonableness and charity convince him that he has let his prejudices run away with him." The older man yielded. "I believe you are right, my boy. We'll let Tier into the wagon again, and show him by the superiority of our conduct how ashamed of himself he ought to be."

The next stage in young Baird's education was his entrance on undergraduate study in the University of Toronto. But his course was interrupted by prolonged absences, due, in part, to trouble with his eyes, and in part to his independence of spirit, which impelled him to earn money for himself, although his father, by this time, was quite able to help him and more than willing to do so. His first money-earning venture was in teaching school at Granton, not many miles from his old home. It was here that he began to be interested in journalism, an interest which persisted to the end of his life. He acted as local correspondent for the *St. Marys Journal*. His communications speedily became an outstanding feature of that paper. Young and inexperienced as he was, there was such keen journalistic instinct in the selection of topics and such sparkling humor in the treatment of them (a humor that was always playful and never offensive) that the subscription list of the paper grew by leaps and bounds. His second school was at Monkton, another rural community about equally distant in another direction from his home. Here he organized a literary and debating society, the first in that part of the world. It was an instant and overwhelming success. Farmers brought wagon loads of eager listeners from beyond the bounds of the school district. The hall was so crowded that late comers always had to stand. For a week before and a week after each meeting the subjects of debate were topics of conversation that threatened to displace the weather and the crops. The success

continued as long as the teacher remained, but when his vitalizing presence was removed for the resumption of his academic studies, the organization dwindled and came to an end. But though a quarter of a century has passed, the people still talk lovingly and proudly of "Jack Baird's literary society."

His interest in sport was keen, but for the most part it was that of an onlooker. During his summer vacations he had a large share in organizing a baseball club among the young men of his home neighborhood. They were farmers who spent their days in heavy physical labor, but their enthusiasm and their persistence made of them a team that for years sent challenges and won matches over a wide area in Western Ontario. And one of the chief agents in making the club what it became, and in keeping it up to its high mark was Jack Baird. His knowledge of the science of the game, his zeal and energy, his friendly tact in smoothing out differences and making the best of each member and his fine contagious optimism made him an ideal manager, and with him to make their plans and coach them, the club was ready to face any rivals anywhere.

Canoeing was one of his favorite recreations, and in his later bachelor days he spent several vacations in long tours through the wilds of Northern Canada with a congenial companion, paddling, camping, fishing and idling the summer days away, always coming back bronzed and hard-muscled for his winter's work.

He took his B. A. degree in the University of Toronto in 1897. At successive stages Greek and Economics had been his favorite studies. During most of his Toronto life he lived in the home of a German Lutheran pastor, and thus became familiar with the German language and the German point of view. In the later part of his undergraduate course he developed an interest in experimental psychology,

coincidentally with the establishment of a psychological laboratory in the university under Dr. Kirschmann. So enamored did he become that he remained in the university for a year after graduation, dividing his time between the laboratory and the editing of the college paper. There was now no doubt as to what his life work was to be. There had been many boyhood interests and attractions, but these were now left behind without a grudge in his zeal for psychological investigation. He spent a session in the University of Leipzig, working his passage overseas on a cattle boat, so determined was he to reach any place that promised help in his beloved science. This was followed by two years as Fellow in Psychology in the University of Wisconsin, by a year in a similar position in Cornell, and by the taking of his degree of Ph. D. in Cornell in 1902. Then a year as Assistant in Psychology in Cornell, a year as Research Assistant in Psychology on the Carnegie Foundation; two years as Instructor in Psychology in Johns Hopkins University, and four years (1906-1910) as assistant professor of psychology in the University of Illinois. In 1910 he came to Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts, as assistant professor of Psychology, and was advanced in 1913 to the full status of a professor.

Naturally he took an interest in the publications and societies which were concerned with his favorite study. For several years, and up to the time of his death, he was executive editor of the *American Journal of Psychology*, and during the last year of his life he held the office of President of the American Psychological Association. In April, 1918, after several proposals which he was unable to accept, he was summoned to Washington to share in the work of devising psychological methods for weeding out army draftees who were emotionally undesirable, or unlikely to stand the strain of life at the front, and for the

purpose of making plans for the re-education and re-establishment of disabled soldiers. This was the work in which he was engaged when, in November, he was obliged to go to the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore for treatment. It appeared for a time that he was recovering but his case took a turn for the worse and he died there on the 2nd of February, 1919.

In looking back upon a life which possessed great charm and attractiveness, one notes that perhaps its outstanding feature was its versatility. Whatever John Baird cared to do, he could do and do well. Once, when at home on the farm during the summer holidays, there was talk of a new device for furnishing an automatically filled bowl of drinking water for each cow in her stall. Jack offered to do the plumbing necessary for putting in the equipment for some twenty cows, if his father would furnish the material. So it was agreed, and the boy, with never a day's training, and scarcely having seen a pipe wrench, did the work so well that it stood for years as a useful monument to his ingenuity.

Experts in the fields of economics and of physics found him, not only able to discuss their problems intelligently, but now and then came to consult him, and to get the benefit of a fresh point of view.

His friend of Cornell days, Hugh Cutler, tells that once while he was in Columbia University, Jack came to spend two or three days with him. They were both bachelors then and Cutler took Jack to his own rooms and introduced him to his landlady, who was a German. Jack greeted her in German and there followed an animated conversation which was renewed occasionally during the following days. After he was gone the good woman could scarcely be persuaded that her guest was not a native born German.

In the matter of money, no one could live more abstemi-

ously when the times required it, and no one could practice even a rigid economy more cheerfully, but, on the other hand, when there was plenty on hand (such moderate plenty as professors know) no one could spend more light-heartedly, or with more lavish generosity to give his friends pleasure.

His friendships were cosmopolitan. Usually, they were with young men of similar education and tastes. But there were others. In a small city, not far from his old home, whose railway junction inconveniences caused Jack many an hour's delay, he would hunt up a boyhood friend, now a policeman, and the two would tramp the beat swapping yarns till the time for the next train. One of those with whom he delighted to hold converse was his father-in-law, a physician of strong opinions, and a cheerful readiness for debate. One moment the two stood shoulder to shoulder, hilariously agreeing on some point on which the rest of the world differed from them. The next moment they were at it hammer and tongs, each proving that the other's argument had not a leg to stand on. One of his extraordinary friendships was with an aristocratic family of Russian exiles who latterly settled in New York. With this family he kept up for many years a friendship that was marked alike by pathos and by romance.

In Worcester he first boarded with Mrs. Phelps at 17 Circuit Ave., until the summer of 1914. On the 10th of September, 1914, he married Miss Barbara Morrison Sparks of his home town of St. Marys. Their first home was at 801 Pleasant St. In September, 1915, they removed to 5 Lucian St. where they stayed until February 15, 1917, when they took possession of the beautiful stucco cottage they built at 7 Lucian St.

John Baird, in his all too short career, lived in many places and amid varied surroundings. In every place his

coming was marked by an increased interest in things literary, in wholesome recreation and in the movements which make for a better community life. His was a personality at once forceful and friendly, and his removal has left a gap never to be filled.

ANDREW B. BAIRD,

Manitoba College, Winnipeg.

PROFESSOR STEPHEN S. COLVIN

BROWN UNIVERSITY

I count it as one of the great good fortunes of my life that I knew John Wallace Baird,—knew him intimately, not only as a colleague, but as a friend; knew him not only as an able scientist, but as a man.

How well I recall him back in those days at Illinois. The charm of his personality still casts its spell over me. His enthusiasm, the brilliancy of his conversation, and his ready wit are fresh in my mind. Baird was interested in life in all its phases, and he had the rare faculty of communicating his interests to those with whom he came in contact. It was this ability, together with a remarkable clearness in thought and speech, that made him one of the best teachers that I have ever known. His students idolized him.

The news of his death comes to me as a great shock. I can scarcely realize that one so vital, so human, so lovable, is no more. The loss to me is personal.

CAPT. KARL M. DALLENBACHINSTRUCTOR OF PSYCHOLOGY
CORNELL UNIVERSITY
FORT SNELLING, MINN.

It is a great debt of gratitude that I owe Dr. Baird so I am very glad for this opportunity of expressing my regard for him. I learned to know him intimately at Illinois,—first as a student, later as his assistant.

Others will write of him as an author, scholar, and man of science; I wish to tell of him as a teacher, a friend, and a man.

My acquaintance with him began in my sophomore year when I took my first course in psychology. That I registered for this course was one of the accidents of the selective system; that I continued the study is entirely due to him.

He was a very forceful, clear, and interesting lecturer. Being untrammelled with notes he could throw himself into his subject, and by his art of presentation alone, carry his auditors with him. Yet withal he was systematic and thorough. He never digressed or wandered in reminiscences, as is the case of so many who attempt to do without their outlines. He frequently illustrated his lectures with demonstrational experiments, which brought the facts first-hand to his students, and which instilled in many of them a desire for further knowledge. I was one of these, and in my junior year I took the qualitative laboratory course. It was in teaching the experimental work that Dr. Baird excelled. He had the rare faculty of making raw data appear interesting, and yet it was accuracy of method and technique that he emphasized the most. Attention to and care of details in experimentation—research ideals—were the principal points that he stressed. So imbued was he with the ideals of scientific research that he imparted them to his students, and in the short time that he was at Illinois so many took the laboratory and graduate courses—five went on to their doctorates—that the experimental work soon outgrew the laboratories in the basement of old Main Hall. Consequently, the following year, they were moved to larger quarters; at which time Dr. Baird asked for assistance. Luckily for me, he was denied an instructor, but granted a student. Through some curious turn of fate this assistantship was offered me. I accepted, but had the pleasure of working with him in this capacity for one semester only, for at the end of that time he answered the call from Clark.

Dr. Baird was not only a teacher, but he was also a friend. Many of his students asked his advice, but this he seldom gave. He was always glad to talk over their problems, but would never make a decision for them; that, he

believed, every man should do for himself. I can well remember the talk we had shortly before he left Illinois. I was then still undecided about my future course. I thought to continue psychology and went to him for advice. He told me of the work and sacrifice, of the interest and satisfaction that a career in psychology entailed, but never a word that lifted the burden of the decision from my shoulders. Had he so chosen to advise, many more than the number mentioned above would have gone on through to their doctorates.

Intensely occupied as Dr. Baird was with psychology, his interests were not circumscribed within its bounds. He concerned himself in the general affairs of the University, frequently taking part in the student activities. He encouraged athletics, being especially fond of baseball. It was his broad human interest, kindly nature, and charitable attitude that caused him to be loved by all. Dr. Baird was indeed a gentleman and a scholar, a man among men.

PROFESSOR ARTHUR H. DANIELS

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

When Dr. Baird resigned his position at Illinois, there was some consolation for me in his going to Clark, my Alma Mater. Besides, I realized that his thorough scientific training and ability as an investigator would find there, in the freedom from undergraduate instruction, ampler opportunity for research. But all who were familiar with his work in psychology here, or who knew his good fellowship, his kindly, sympathetic and generous nature felt his loss keenly. I shall always remember Dr. Baird as a warm friend and as a fine example of the rare combination of the sound scholar, the strong personality and the stimulating colleague.

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR SAMUEL W. FERNBERGER

1st. Replacement Depot, A. E. F.

Your request to write something for the Memorial Pamphlet in memory of Dr. Baird indeed fills me with mixed emotions. On the one hand there are so many things that I should like to say about Dr. Baird that it seems that I cannot write rapidly enough, and then, when one attempts to write these things, language seems entirely inadequate to express what I want to say. I wish again,—as I have so often wished before,—that I had Dr. Baird's power of expression and his ability to use the English language. That very power was one of the things that most impressed the students who sat under him. The students were impressed, not only by his wonderfully clear vision of the problems of psychology, but also by his rare ability to express the most involved problems in the simplest and most correct English. Here, indeed, is the test of the true master of his subject. As Dr. Baird so often expressed it,—if one really knows his subject, he can explain it so that anyone can understand. This then is an ideal toward which all of us who are teaching may strive to attain.

Dr. Baird's loss to the development of the Science of Experimental Psychology is so great that, at present and with our present perspective, we are totally unable to appreciate its magnitude. When I began work under him, some seven years ago, he showed me a new field in the science and a new method for attacking the problems of that field which he had worked out to an extent of which I little dreamed. And as I came to work in that method and as I went to him for advice, I found that he had devised means of controlling the experimentation in this all-important field of the so-called Higher Intellectual Processes which made work in this direction entirely scientific. This is, perhaps, his greatest contribution to experimental psy-

chology. The difficult problem is always one of method. Once a method has been systematized and standardized it is a relatively easy task to perform experimental research by a utilization of that method.

Dr. Baird's contribution to the Science appears more through the work of his students than from his own pen. It is, to me, a significant fact that this situation should be true. Dr. Baird lived and worked essentially for the advancement of his science and he realized that this advancement could be more rapidly attained by the work of his students than by his own personal research. Every experimental study published by one of his students is really a memorial to this great man. No one, who has not worked under him, can ever appreciate the thought and the critical constructive contribution that he has made to each and every one of the papers that have appeared from his laboratory. Dr. Baird's personal interest, during the time that I was acquainted with him, was largely in the problems of the higher intellectual processes. After all, these are the big problems that confront the experimentalist in the Science of Psychology. But his knowledge and sympathetic appreciation of the problems in other fields was most amazing. This was particularly true in my own case, as I came to Clark University with a set of problems and with interests very far removed from Dr. Baird's chosen field. And I found him most sympathetic toward my work, ready to further it in every possible way and always anxious to give of his time and of his sound advice as to method and as to the interpretation of results.

It is particularly unfortunate that Dr. Baird should have been carried away at just this time. He had reached the point in his development where he had before him the experimental data, largely supplied by the work of his students, upon which he could form a systematic view of those

hitherto more or less mysterious workings of the higher thought processes.

There are many who can testify to the clear vision and thoroughness of Dr. Baird in scientific matters and also many who can tell of his personal character. Perhaps his great fault, if fault it can be called, was that he was too prodigal of his time and of his energy in the interest of his students and of his friends. Anyone who came to him with any trouble, either with regard to his work or of a personal nature, received a sympathetic hearing and always went away encouraged and frequently with keen and sound advice. His was always a spirit of self-sacrifice; of taking the blow himself rather than letting it fall on another. And during all of this time that I have known him, he was suffering from the malady which finally caused his untimely end. The intense physical suffering and the keen mental anguish through which he went, few of us will ever know. But throughout it all his thoughts were always for the welfare of others. Even at times of great suffering or of great depression regarding his condition, he would at once and cheerfully give of his time, thought and energy to the full extent to help a student or to help a friend.

I have a very dear memory of Dr. Baird. He wrote me a letter just before he went to the hospital to undergo the series of operations which finally took him away from us. This letter was so cheerful and in it was expressed so much interest and enthusiasm for the work in which he was engaged that I was led to believe that he had entirely recovered his health. And I am convinced that this was just the impression that Dr. Baird wished to convey. Not a word as to his condition; not a word regarding the fact that he was about to submit to a very serious operation. He wanted to spare me that because he knew that I should worry until I received the next letter telling of the result of the opera-

tion. That is the last letter that I have received or ever shall receive from Dr. Baird, and I treasure that letter as an example of the kindness and thoughtfulness of this man whom I shall always be honored to know was my friend.

The greatest tribute that I can pay to the memory of Dr. Baird is to characterize him as a man, a keen and exact scientist and a thorough gentleman; always kindly and considerate, always self-sacrificing.

His untimely death leaves me with a great personal loss that will be more keenly felt when I am able to return to Clark and find his chair vacant and his desk unoccupied.

PROFESSOR W. B. PILLSBURY

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I first met Dr. Baird at Cornell soon after he received his degree when I was his guest during the first meeting of the experimental psychologists. He had come to Ithaca a year or two before as Assistant and was then engaged upon his study of the perception of depth. He showed already the characteristics that were developed and intensified with age. One could not avoid being impressed by his earnestness, his enthusiasm for his work, and his positiveness on all topics, professional and general. At the same time these positive qualities were tempered in due proportion by courtesy and consideration.

I followed his career with interest and had many opportunities to improve the personal acquaintance. His two long monographs on the peripheral sensitivity of the retina and on the perception of depth are models of method and distinct contributions to complicated and disputed problems. They served to establish his position as one of the coming men. His experience at Illinois proved his teaching ability

and capacity for stimulating graduate students in investigation. His work in the broader field at Clark abundantly maintained the reputation he had made in that respect.

I came into most intimate cooperation with Professor Baird in collaborating on the preparation of the Titchener Commemorative volume. When I suggested the project to him he took it up eagerly and although I had been asked to act as chairman and took the burden of securing material he helped with special letters to men he knew better than I. When we reached the stage of publishing he assumed charge of the business side. With characteristic energy he discovered that the firm that published the *Journal* could print the volume and have a copy ready for presentation at the time of the celebration in June instead of presenting the volume in manuscript and waiting until summer to print. This meant that the minimum of time must be given to proof and he undertook unaided to read the proof on the late articles. The book was finished by a margin so slight that specimen copies were delivered to Baird in his sleeper as he went through Albany at two o'clock in the morning, but we had the special copy for Professor Titchener the evening of the celebration.

Professor Baird's most important contribution to American Psychology probably lay in the work he did for the *American Journal of Psychology*. While the responsibility is so divided that it is difficult for an outsider to assign credit, any man who has an opportunity to aid in the work of that *Journal* in the stimulation of investigation is certain to have an important influence on the science. The work of his own students was always of a high grade, and the problems assigned to them were nearly always fruitful and thoroughly worked out. Ever a loyal adherent of Professor Titchener's school, Baird stood as, next to Titchener, the foremost representative of the introspective method in

America. While in recent years bad health and the work of the Journal apparently interfered with his investigations, the sum of his contributions is considerable. Psychology may well be thankful to him for what he added to our knowledge and must regret that he was not spared for the work he undoubtedly would have done.

PROFESSOR CHRISTIAN A. RUCKMICH

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

It is fitting that words of esteem should come also from the University of Illinois; here for almost five years Baird sowed the seeds of friendship among faculty and students alike. It would be a serious omission, indeed, in a volume that is to give the last personal touch to a character which humanly and graciously touched others in his lifetime, not to record the many reminders of his presence that the laboratory here offers. And if the kindly interest in Baird's career and welfare displayed by his numerous friends about the campus in the years following his departure is an index to the strength of his influence, then there is reason to believe that his demise will not speedily impair the memory of his generous and sympathetic nature, his sound learning, and the enthusiasm for his professional work which radiated from his lectures and laboratory research. His scientific investigations were guarded by sound scholarship; they stimulated others to like endeavor; and they contributed largely to the maintenance of a high level of activity in the fields in which he labored. But above all these attainments loomed a nature large and frank, eager to give and to receive the tokens of friendship, and to add the delightful note of appreciation where it was most needed.

PROFESSOR E. B. TITCHENER

CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Baird came to Cornell in the early spring of 1901, and remained as fellow, assistant, and research assistant on the Carnegie Foundation, until the summer of 1904. At Toronto Professor Kirschmann had aroused his interest in visual sensation, and at Madison Professor Jastrow had introduced him to the problems of visual space-perception. He came to me with this latter interest in the ascendant, and made his doctorate in 1902 with a thesis on the influence of accommodation and convergence upon the perception of depth. He then swung back to sensation, and his Carnegie Foundation memoir (an excellent bit of work) dealt with the color-sensitivity of the peripheral retina. I think that visual phenomena always retained their hold on him; he was especially keen to note and theorize the minor anomalies of sensation and perception; and I believe that he contemplated a book upon the general psychology of vision.

His years at the University of Illinois, in companionship with Professor Colvin, gave him another large interest, in what the Germans call the economy and technique of memory and learning. For several years, from 1907 to 1911, he published summaries in the *Psychological Bulletin* of the experimental work upon memory, imagination, learning and the higher intellectual processes. These reports were written with extreme conscientiousness, and at an expense of time that some of his friends deplored. It is probable, however, that he would presently have given us a book upon the subject. As it is, we have only the translation (1913) of Meumann's little book on the psychology of learning, and the essay on the rôle of intent in mental functioning which Baird contributed to the Creighton commemorative volume.

These were his two abiding interests; and they are surely broad enough; but even so it would not be right to think of him as a specialist. He was ready to work himself, or to set his students working, in any quarter of the experimental field; and one of the reasons that he did not publish more (another reason, of course, is the undermining of his strength by the malady that was at last to prove fatal) is precisely that he covered an immense field, and would not print until he had thoroughly prepared himself by a review of previous publication. One is almost tempted at times to wish that his conscience had been a trifle more elastic. And yet no one who knew Baird would have had him otherwise than as he was; and in our young science, which abounds in experimental 'results' and is sadly lacking in criticism, his example of rigorous self-restraint is most wholesome.

I have written elsewhere of Baird's scientific standing, and of the loss which his death brings to psychology. Here I should like to speak more personally. During his Cornell time he was like a member of my family, and a summer which we spent together at the University of Virginia made us more intimate on the professional side than had been possible in the well-organized department at Ithaca; I think I knew Baird as well as an older man can know a younger. What struck me most about him was his extraordinary capacity for friendship. He made friends everywhere, and he held to them as they to him. He had kept up the friendships of school and college days that most of us let drop; he founded new and lasting friendships as he moved from place to place during his academic career; he met the great ones of the world on equal terms, and he seemed always to have some incompetent or disreputable acquaintance, a friend of old days, under his protection. He lived, indeed, in a general atmosphere of friendship. It is needless to add that he was both generous and even-tempered;

but I quote the adjectives for the sake of a couple of illustrations. I once crossed Baird's path on a railway journey, and found him staggering along the station platform under the load of an enormously heavy suit-case. "Books?" I asked. No, he said; on the contrary he was traveling light, with only a tooth-brush and a comb; but a friend of his was interested in fossils, and as he happened to have a lot at home he had brought a few along with him. That was Baird all over. As to his evenness of temper: only once, during the years when we were thrown daily together, did I see him ruffled. It was the afternoon of the day before his doctorate examination, and he had come to the house with some question. My wife thought him looking tired, and insisted that instead of going back to the library and cramming he should join the family in a picnic supper out in the woods. Baird gave way, of course, but for an hour there was tension, and I shall not forget the children's puzzled amazement that by any possibility Mr. Baird could be 'cross.'

On the other side of his nature, Baird was a born laboratory man. A laboratory, and especially an ill-housed and over-crowded psychological laboratory, is not an easy thing to run, and Baird always struck the happy mean between a hampering disorder and a dilettante niceness of arrangement. He was a good mechanic, with a keen eye for the essentials of method: when at Charlottesville we had to improvise a laboratory at a few days' notice, I found him full of resource. It was pleasant to watch his attitude to undergraduates and 'summer scholars.' He would listen patiently to their difficulties, and reply with an admirably clear statement that told them enough but not a word too much of the matter in hand. Last and not least, he was an absolutely reliable demonstrator. In my introductory course I depend largely upon demonstrations, and I have been

fortunate in the services of a long line of competent and faithful assistants. I am grateful to them all; but I think the rest of them will forgive my saying that Baird was *primus inter pares*.

Baird was a man of many occupations. He was the center of all sorts of human claims, and his versatility engaged him in all sorts of activities. We must remember, besides what has already been said, that for some years he was executive editor of the *American Journal of Psychology*, and that he filled this responsible post with signal success. In spite of everything, however, he was at heart the scientific investigator. It was his great ambition to make his laboratory productive, both by research of his own and by the directed work of his students. We know how much he accomplished, for all the handicap under which he suffered. If he had been granted ordinary health and the normal span of life, he would have gone very far. But he could not have stood higher in the affection and esteem of his colleagues.

DR. ROBERT M. YERKES

NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL

John Wallace Baird came to Washington in April, 1918, to assist in the military emergency as Vice-Chairman of the Psychology Committee of the National Research Council. He entered on his new tasks with enthusiasm and with keen satisfaction in the opportunity to take his share in saving civilization. Throughout the long years of the war he had been extremely restless. Both his family and Mrs. Baird's were generously represented in the Canadian Army and he was persistently self-critical because of his failure to render military service.

During the Spring and Summer of 1918, he gave himself whole-heartedly and determinedly to the work of the Committee. In many directions, he rendered invaluable service, but it was obvious to those of us who had known him intimately that he was physically unfit for his work and that his efficiency was seriously affected by physical discomfort, if not by acute suffering. This he would never admit, for it was contrary to his nature and habit of mind to acknowledge anything which he considered a weakness. Uniformly optimistic and thoughtless or negligent of his own comfort and welfare, he continued to work steadily and hard at his tasks for the Psychology Committee until in August he was given opportunity to come into direct contact with the problems of mental and physical reconstruction at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. There, in co-operation with Major B. T. Baldwin, and Doctor Ethel Bowman, he devoted himself to the development of methods for the re-education of disabled soldiers. Although very keenly disappointed by his inability to serve in the army,* the hospital work gave him satisfaction because of his intimate contact with the important and urgent problems of rehabilitation, and he labored most diligently and devotedly until in November his physician ordered him to the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

Baird fought a remarkably courageous and successful fight. Few people, even among those who were daily in contact with him, realized the physical discomfort and the mental agony which he endured. Even to his closest friends he would not acknowledge his discomfort, and to the very end of his scientific work he persisted in saying that he felt "fine." Only his splendid optimism and his

* His Canadian citizenship debarred him from service as an officer in the United States Army during the interval when he might have been commissioned for psychological examining or some other variety of psychological service.

complete devotion to his professional work kept him so long in service.

His scientific training and ideals were among the best that the world knows; and although his years of devoted labor have left too little in the way of publications which bear his name, his spirit and ideals remain in students to whom he gave himself unreservedly and whose original work was in unusual measure his work.

Psychology has lost heavily, for Baird had faith in his subject, in his students, in his friends, and in his scientific ideals. Those of us who were intimately associated with him over a period of years have profited greatly by his attitude toward life, his devotion to professional interests, to his institution, his friends and his family, and by his loyal friendship.

ADELBERT AMES, JR.

CAPTAIN, U. S. ARMY

I think of Dr. Baird as he received me with whole-hearted enthusiasm and eagerness on my first meeting with him years ago when I went to him to get information on the question of the bearing of physiology on the technique of pictorial arts. It was so he always welcomed all of us irrespective of the matter or question we brought to him. He had the power of freeing his mind from all preconceived ideas and prejudices and giving full value and consideration to any new ideas even though they were in opposition to those held by him. And over and above all he had a peculiar sensitiveness of what was true.

It is little wonder the deep affection we all had for him. He has left an example of spirit and attitude of mind which I know will live in all who have ever come in contact with him.

PROFESSOR ETHEL BOWMAN

GOUCHER COLLEGE, BALTIMORE, MD.

The interests and the activities of Dr. Baird's life as I have known it these last few years have been marked by two characteristics which were combined in him in an unusual degree: that of keen analysis and appreciation of detail, and that of the realization of the larger aspects of truth.

Probably only those who were working with him in the Psychological Laboratory at Clark University realized the coordination of the individual studies which were being carried on there, and how much each one was the part of a carefully considered and organized whole. Dr. Baird worked largely through his students and gave over to them many of the problems to which he had intended to devote

his own research time, and it is these studies, many of which are as yet unpublished, which represent much of his creative work of these last years. It was the hope of those who knew this that he would incorporate in some form his fund of knowledge of the literature and his own laboratory results on the higher mental processes, for he had the larger vision of the whole and the wonderful appreciation and memory for detail.

It was this combination of the larger vision and of infinite care for detail that made him a power in the Reconstruction Work in the Walter Reed General Hospital. He never for a moment lost sight of the ideals which this work represented. And yet, he was never blind to the detail which must be met in order to fulfill these ideals. His human understanding made him realize that it was the patient himself, his vital needs, his strength, his weaknesses, that formed the nucleus of the problem. The patients and his fellow workers turned to him with problems of policy or petty routine and found him always ready with understanding and sound judgment. Perhaps we scarcely felt until we were without it how much we all depended upon his sympathy and help. The sorrow expressed by the boys whom he had known and encouraged was the highest tribute that could be paid to him, for these men who have suffered give their respect and affection only to sincerity and truth in character.

DR. S. CAROLYN FISHER

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

To any student in the Clark Laboratory of Psychology of the years 1910 and immediately following, the word of the death of Dr. Baird must carry a profound sense of personal loss mingled with a bewildering unrealness. One remembers him in those years, indefatigably active, striding from the library armed with an incredible pile of books,

working in late afternoon and evening in the Cooper-Hewitt twilight of the Laboratory shop, lecturing with that clearness which comes when an orderly mind and profound absorption in a subject force direct words, sitting with encouraging seriousness at the head of the table of a Journal Club afternoon, definitizing problems and planning apparatus between office and cases. Then the laboratory gatherings of lighter intent, but like all penetrated with the spirit of warmest loyalty—the noon lunches, when the “laboratory bunch” met over sardines, cheese, and *leberwurst*, and where the talk ranged from the Canadian prison-system to Harry Lauder and from the English suffragettes to Eva Tanguay! At no time was Dr. Baird unwilling to stop a moment for a merry joke—which somehow always pleased one absurdly; and few could tell a story as well as he.

Dr. Baird had a big, sustained passion for the facts of human consciousness, and in an unusual measure the ability and patience to discover them. He was peculiarly able to envisage a problem in such clear and definite fashion, and to plan so precise an attack upon it, that every bit of experimentation he ever published added a clean-cut figure to the mosaic of scientific achievement which might form the start for a more elaborate design, but which one knew would never have to be replaced. This very capacity gave a deceiving appearance of simplicity to his work which reminds one of that characteristic of the work of John Drew of whom some one said that “his ‘society parts’ were so natural that he wasn’t an actor at all.” And with it Dr. Baird carried a sympathy for any honest search for facts and a friendliness which made many outside the circle of his own students and colleagues certain of the most cordial and enthusiastic aid and co-operation. His world at this time especially can ill lose one of those who

combine such demand for the realities of mental life with the initiative and critical insight necessary to add to the existing knowledge regarding them.

DR. FRANK J. O'BRIEN

BOSTON STATE HOSPITAL, PSYCHOPATHIC DEPT.

To have had the privilege of studying under the direction and influence of Dr. Baird is one of my life's experiences I shall always cherish most selfishly. That he was snatched away while still in the youth of his manhood, when the fruits of his psychological efforts were still in their beginning, cannot but cause the greatest sorrow to those who knew him.

Those of us who were honored in having the good fortune of working with him and under him, day after day, for two, or three, or more years, especially know, I believe, how irreplaceable a man is lost to the field of Experimental Psychology. In all his associations with his students he was the attentive and patient, sympathetic and encouraging director, and at the same time,—friend.

In him was evidenced the true spirit of Democracy, that ideal on account of which Clark University is a living institution and is loved by those of us whom she has trained and sent forth. All he demanded of his students was, "Are you equipped and are you willing to work?" Creed or color played no part in his dealings. Prove that you were a man and Dr. Baird was your friend.

His fairness and sincerity, together with his well-balanced critical attitude and sympathy, not only imbued the members of his laboratory but spread outside, permeating those who came in contact with him.

His untimely death means a great loss. By his passing from this life science has lost a master, Clark University is bereft of a professor who possessed these sterling qualities

for which she stands,—true culture and true democracy; and those of us who knew him best, have lost the greatest of all worldly gifts,—a real friend. *Requiescat in pace.*

CARROLL C. PRATT

ARMY OF OCCUPATION, COBLENZ, GERMANY

The untimely death of Dr. Baird brings a sense of very keen personal loss to all those who were fortunate enough to have him as teacher and friend. To his students Dr. Baird was much more than a great scientist and scholar; he was a rare example of the teacher whose quiet enthusiasm for the pursuit of larger knowledge and truth furnishes a never-failing source of inspiration. His sympathetic appreciation and interpretation of all honest scientific endeavor in its relation to life's higher values was a wholesome influence of immeasurable significance to the pupil. And his kindly manner and personal charm which reflected his bigness of heart endeared him beyond bounds to all who knew him.

No one can yet estimate the importance of his recent service to the Government. As was ever his habit, he sacrificed himself without stint in order that his special abilities might be used by the Nation. Gladly and willingly he gave, and with intense pride he watched his students leave him for a time to answer the call of the country. To the last Dr. Baird built great ideals whose structure will stand as a permanent memorial to his character.

PROFESSOR HARRY P. WELD

CORNELL UNIVERSITY

I first met Dr. Baird at the Clark Alumni dinner of February, 1910. He had just arrived in Worcester to take up the work President Sanford had, a few months before, relinquished, and we were all at table when he entered the room. I knew that he was in the future to direct my work,

and my first impression of the erect, big-boned, broad-shouldered Scotch-Canadian was not reassuring. For there was a touch of austerity about the man, due perhaps to the pointed beard and spectacles, or it may be to the air of self-assurance with which, in total disregard of the eyes turned upon him, he sought an empty chair. But before the speeches were finished I had changed my mind; no man who could be as merry as he was, or who smoked as many cigarettes as he did, could be wholly unapproachable; and I did not hesitate, therefore, to introduce myself at the first opportunity. I have still a vivid memory of the hearty grip, the smiling eye, and the resonant voice as he told me that I was already known to him as the only student then in Clark who had a problem in Experimental Psychology. And an appointment for a first conference was made on the spot.

Thus began an association that proved to be one of the most important of my life, because Dr. Baird not only taught me psychology, but also by constant sympathy and encouragement revealed to me that I was at heart an experimental psychologist. For all this, and for his warm friendship I am and have always been grateful. Since his death, however, I have come to realize that my obligation to him goes still further, that many of the principles and ideals of scientific endeavor which I had thought were my own were, in fact, assimilated through the two and a half years of daily contact with him. He taught these things by precept and example; not, I think, with intent, but because they were his own ingrained convictions and settled habits.

Chief among them was his insistence upon sound method. In conversation or discussion, in the conduct of laboratory courses, the planning of research, the criticism of published results, he was sure to revert to method. I do not mean psychological observation; he seemed at that time to take

introspection for granted. I employ the term rather in the broad, as he meant it, to include a clear delineation of the problem, a thorough mastery of all previous investigations of that problem, and finally complete control of experimental conditions. All three were, apparently, of equal importance, and a slip in any one was enough to condemn not only the results but the investigator as well. In the same way he instilled into his students his own profound respect for facts. He made it clear enough that if the method was adequate, the facts were not to be gainsaid. It is true that he had strong opinions about the relative importance and significance of some facts, and at times these opinions seemed unreasoned, but I cannot recall that he ever questioned a result or attempted to explain it away except by reference to method. And it was his genius to teach the facts and nothing but the facts as he found them; he seemed to have no temper for system making, and I do not remember that he ever constructed or even embroidered a theory.

Of less importance psychologically, but fully as typical of the man, are some of his attitudes which were not without their influence upon his students. He had a passion for clearness of expression which was manifest not only in his lectures and published papers, but also in the legibility of the written word. I have known him, as executive editor of the *American Journal of Psychology*, to re-write, in the blackest of inks and in clear and beautiful characters, whole sections of a contributor's copy which he thought illegible. Indeed, so great was his capacity for taking pains with manuscript and proof that his editorial work became almost a burden. Another trait was his extraordinary forbearance and patience. I was inexperienced in laboratories when I became his assistant, and I must have tried him sorely, but he never complained but once, when I had, contrary to orders, put away a bit of apparatus that

was out of repair. His patience extended also to his research, and in this connection I can show by an illustration that the attitude was conscious. A student who had worked long to disentangle a key from a bunch, every one of which was tagged and the whole fearfully tangled, came finally to Dr. Baird complaining that the thing could not be done. Without a word, Dr. Baird sat down, and slowly and methodically separated every key. The silence in which we looked on was impressive, but not more so than were his words of reproof as he turned away. "That," he said, "is the way we must work if we hope to succeed in teasing out the tangle of mind." Finally, to make an end, there was his unbounded enthusiasm for everything he did. It has been said that, since emotion is a foe to judgment, and leads to intemperate statement, a man of science should view his work impersonally. If this is true, then Dr. Baird failed in so far to measure up to one scientific ideal. For his enthusiasm pervaded his laboratory, and left its mark in every one of his published papers. But he has at least demonstrated that enthusiasm has its compensations. His delight in every new discovery of his students was a source of continued inspiration, and it made research in experimental psychology seem of all things the one most worth while. He thus endowed his students with his own enthusiasm for research, and in so doing he has done his part in maintaining one of the most cherished of Clark traditions.

I have written of the Baird I knew nearly a decade ago, and I have restricted myself to my relationship with him as student and junior colleague. Of his kindness, his generosity, his loyalty, I have said nothing because I think he would have it so. Nevertheless I am again in his debt for every one of these. His students will miss him sorely, and no one can quite fill his place. But I think I can guarantee that in them Dr. Baird will continue to live and work. In no other way can the debt be paid.

BIRD T. BALDWIN

MAJOR, S. C., U. S. A.
WALTER REED GENERAL HOSPITAL
TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

For a number of years I knew Dr. Baird largely through his writings as a "pure psychologist" of the analytic type; when he volunteered to come to Walter Reed General Hospital to help in our work with the disabled soldiers, I was eager to see how he would react to the many practical situations which were confronting us on all sides. He immediately became intensely interested in the patients, later in the general problems, and finally he accepted an appointment as a "curative shop instructor" from August until December 1st, 1918. I frequently sought his counsel on larger problems of policy and administration, and I never found him too busy or too tired to assist me.

Dr Baird was particularly valuable to the hospital and to our department because of his willingness to aid in all phases of the work in emergencies, because of his detailed knowledge of psychology, and because of his material assistance in the analysis of voluntary movement. He was always genial, unaffected, kind; he was patient, painstaking and accurate; he was analytic, critical and constructive: a rare man as well as a great psychologist.

SERGEANT R. W. CHANNELL

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERVICE, WALTER REED GENERAL HOSPITAL

It will always be a source of pleasure to remember Dr. Baird as I knew him in his work at the "Walter Reed."

His unselfishness, his unfailing courtesy, his devotion to his work in the interest of the wounded soldiers, endeared him to all who came in contact with him.

I shall ever count it a great privilege to have been one of those for whom he labored here.

WILL BROWN, PRINCIPAL

MOTHERWELL SCHOOL

Bret Harte inscribed a poem to the memory of Dickens, whom he admired so highly, and did not deem it "too presumptuous folly" figuratively to lay his "wreath of Western pine" upon the grave of the immortal writer. We too, like Harte, cannot let so great a man, so brilliant a scholar, so charming a comrade, and so lovable a friend as the late Professor J. W. Baird, Ph.D., of Clark University, pass out without paying some tribute of respect and esteem to his memory. It is not of his scholarly attainments we would write, although as an educator he had won nation-wide reputation, but rather of the man we knew and loved. We here in Motherwell, the home of his birth, childhood and young manhood, were proud of him. He with others had gone out from our quiet hamlet to take part in the big affairs of life, and had measured up so well that Motherwell is not only "honored at home but revered abroad." It is the human side of his character that finds a responsive echo in the hearts of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintanceship. None too lowly but claimed his interest and felt the better for the passing word of cheer. When the world's greatest tragedy was being enacted in Europe, in which a young aviator from Motherwell laid down his life in France in the cause of freedom, the letter which came from him to the stricken household here was dictated by a boundless sympathy and loving heart, which showed the spirit of the Nazarene. In it in part he says: ". . . Let us not mourn the fact that the sacrifice of his young life, with all its bright prospects, was necessary in order that the world might be free. No son of yours could ever decide lightly and indifferently to take the step that carried him to France, and the fact that, realizing the probable consequences, he was still willing to go—well, it makes me

feel proud that I knew him. His heroism will be an example to us all. Let us not mourn but rather seek to emulate his example. He will never die so long as we live who knew him. . . . When the time came to choose between ease and discomfort, between a life of ease and a life of danger, he chose as we would have him choose, and when the time came to lay down his life for others, he showed us what religion really means. I have walked the streets (Washington) for hours since the news came, in a vain endeavor to understand why such things must be. . . .”

To us who remain comes the added mystery of his passing. Why so eminent a man, so endowed with qualities of mind and heart, so qualified to do so much good where the need is so great, should so early be called to higher service beyond the veil, must remain a mystery. Until we have crossed the Great Divide and entered into the fulness of Light, then and not till then shall we understand. His creed was one of service—a life spent in the uplift and betterment of his fellow man. A full life, but all too short. Yet he has not lived in vain. Length of days has been denied him to witness the fruits of his labors. To the bereaved widow and sorrowing relatives in their Gethsemane my sympathy goes out, the sympathy of one who understands, because he, too, has been called to go down into the Valley of the Shadow with loved ones and yet tarry a little while.

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